

Evening Telegraph

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1864.

PICTURES OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

The army correspondent of the Columbian Correspondent, writing from the intrenchments around Richmond, under date of November 15, furnishes an interesting letter, from which we make the following extracts:—

Among all the cities of the Confederacy none can more justly lay claim to the title of metropolis than its beautiful capital. Although invested by a hundred thousand enemies, whose besieging guns, morning, noon, and night, roar out their hate; although girded around by a line of battle that may at any moment burst into flame, such is the faith reposed in those brave defenders who have so often

"On death's swift scaffold with force that turned its side."

that one may look in vain for sign of doubt or trepidation. Day breaks, and hungry thousands are making their way to the well-filled markets. Later, the stores open their sleepy lids, and every window displays tempting goods that tell the story of busy enterprise and broken blockade. The restaurants, of which there are scores kept in a style of magnificence unusual, hang out their venison, birds and mirth, and expose their cards, which show a choice menu that tempt the baser heart to certain financial ruin. The hotels and boarding-houses pour forth their living contents, and by 9 o'clock Main street and its tributaries begin to witness the grand processional movement which continues through the day.

Ladies and clerks are wending their way to their several posts of duty; men with official business plainly written on the backs of the departments; mothers, wives, and sisters, applying for the draft or for furlough of some loved one, or perhaps eager to learn the fate of a missing husband, son, or brother, are also there; officers are galloping from the front to bring reports to the headquarters in town; quartermasters with their accustomed energy, are looking up the day's supplies; soldiers from the various regiments of the army, on horseback, are hurrying to the hospitals or to the stations, bound to arrive; men on bicycles bobbing forth from hospitable roofs to breathe the fresh air; the fair sex attired with a richness and elegance, in raiment that you will see nowhere else in the Confederacy, add to the attractions of the street; and thus gathering its contributions from a thousand channels, the population out of doors grows and diversifies, until you find yourself plunged into one of those cosmopolitan crowds swells that mark the great cities of the world. The scene is at once the best and the worst, the highest and the lowest, the greatest and the meanest people in the land. Night comes, and the lights flash merrily from a thousand parlors, where reign peace, pleasure and content. Hospitality abounds, and with graceful hand the good citizens dispense its rights, not more among themselves than upon the passing stranger, whose only claim may be that he is a soldier. The transports visited here afford to the commanders of the theater and the concert-room, while a score of bands are ready to enliven those whose bairn tastes best fit them for their enjoyments. Such is Richmond.

And it is a strange contrast that one experiences in passing these metropolitan scenes, where dress and fashion are the presiding deities, to the severe associations of the camp, where comfort is best but rude, and even that is subordinate to the wants of the sons and places of birth.

Every thing speaks of war. The wood in which I write is the headquarters of one of our generals, and yet headquarters are but a deserted negro hut, where a single apartment, divided by a strip of canvas, serves the purpose of offices, chamber, and dining-room.

Just in front is the continuation of the outer line of intrenchments which encircles Richmond, and now hold the enemy at bay. A few hundred yards off stand gleaming files along our picket-line, a surmounting row of lights, and mark the presence of a Yankee division. The woods have been leveled for miles, and the ground covered with an shanty that has been already unsuccessfully explored by the Federals.

Across this space occasional glimpses are afforded of the intrenchments of the enemy, but for several days no demonstration has been made by them which indicates vigorous life. Still, we know they are there.

Our men are rapidly getting into winter quarters, and wells, putting up log huts with thatched roofs, and preparing for the inclemency of the season.

The most interesting portion of the entire line is around Petersburg, where the two armies have dug and dug until the entire face of the country between them resembles a labyrinth, which, to the uninitiated, has neither beginning nor end. Necessary, the mother of invention, has taught our men how to protect themselves from the fire of their own works, and to live in safety under-ground. They live in caves, holes, chambers ingeniously constructed, with banks and fire places, and in a word, except in time of action, are completely sheltered. Sharpshooting, the pest of a soldier's life in the trenches, continues incessantly; but, beyond thirty or forty men daily killed or wounded along the lines—men only missed by the love ones in the home circle—all is quiet, and there is no sound of gun or drum underground.

The inventor has used it successfully in the construction of light batteries. It is also suitable for armor, which can be made from it in every variety of pattern and color. Experiments are in progress to show its fitness for house-building.

Excellent leather for boots and shoes are made from it. In fact there seems to be few uses to which it is not applicable.—*Hartford Courant*.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

It has been generally asserted that the Americans stole the national song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," from the English. From the following very interesting letter, which appears in the Chicago "Song Messenger," it would appear that the reverse is the case:—

CHICAGO, October 19, 1864.—Messrs. Root and Cady—Gentlemen—Permit me to give you a history of the origin of the song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," from the English. From the following very interesting letter, which appears in the Chicago "Song Messenger," it would appear that the reverse is the case:—

On reading it, I found the measure so defective as to be entirely useless for a song, and adjourned the business of a friend (Mr. Richard Cady, Decatur street), where I wrote the two first verses in pencil, and at Miss Harboro's piano composed the melody. Shaw was much pleased and we parted. On reaching home, I added the third verse, wrote the symphonies, and arranged the song for the piano-forte. The next day I gave Mr. Shaw a fair copy in ink, with the injunction that he should not publish, give, or sell a copy.

The song immediately became popular. In a few weeks afterwards I left Philadelphia to fulfil an engagement in New Orleans, and was much surprised during my stay in that city to see a published copy of my song. On my return I upbraided Shaw for having broken faith with me. He answered that the song had become so popular, he thought it advantageous to both of us to publish it, and that he had sent a hundred copies to the hands of Mr. Plumer. This Mr. Plumer indignantly replied:

"One death's song stings with force that turns its side," that one may look in vain for sign of doubt or trepidation. Day breaks, and hungry thousands are making their way to the well-filled markets. Later, the stores open their sleepy lids, and every window displays tempting goods that tell the story of busy enterprise and broken blockade. The restaurants, of which there are scores kept in a style of magnificence unusual, hang out their venison, birds and mirth, and expose their cards, which show a choice menu that tempt the baser heart to certain financial ruin. The hotels and boarding-houses pour forth their living contents, and by 9 o'clock Main street and its tributaries begin to witness the grand processional movement which continues through the day.

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I am, gentlemen, yours, etc.
THOMAS A. BECKET,
Wood's Museum, Chicago,
Author of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,"
"He Died upon the Battle Field," etc., etc.

New Uses for Paper.

The war has familiarized us with talk of iron-clads and tin-clads, but who ever dreamed that paper would be used for the plating of vessels, or the material of guns? Yet recent experiments in Europe indicate that is improbable. From trials at Battersea it was ascertained that rockets made of paper tubes were as strong as those made of metal. Paper boats of one inch in thickness were tested by ball, and found to be superior in power of resistance to ten inches of solid oak. The bullet, which made a small round hole in the paper, perforating so far as to raise a projection in the rear, would have passed through the oak, making an ugly fracture. So far as the proof of materials goes, it is claimed as an English composition (perhaps it is, I being an Englishman by birth). During my absence Osborne gave up his business, and the plates of the song were sold; thus the song went out of my possession.

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THOMAS A. BECKET,

Wood's Museum, Chicago,
Author of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,"
"He Died upon the Battle Field," etc., etc.

This Association has completed its organization, and will commence its regular meetings on the

SECOND OF JANUARY, 1865.

The following are the officers elected:—

PRESIDENT, T. S. SELKILL;
SECRETARY, J. U. JOHNSON;
TREASURER, WILLIAM WATSON;
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THOMAS B. BREWSTER, JACOB GOLDSMITH, ROBERT J. MERCER, LAZARUS SHILOH, CLEMENT MARCH, AMON PHILLIPS, T. J. WITTINGTON, GEO. H. GRAHAM, ADAM WARTHAM, R. S. CASSATT, JAMES ALDERIDGE, H. H. ST. JOHN.

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OFFICE OF HONEY-COMB PETROLEUM COMPANY, No. 43 S. FOURTH STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, December 10, 1864.

The Subscription Books will be closed on Thursday, December 13, 1864, and will be issued on Monday, December 17, 1864.

Certificates of Stock will be issued on Monday, December 17, 1864.

Dividends, three per cent., will be paid on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable after the 15th instant, to the Holders of aforesaid stock.

There will be two regular sessions of the Public Board, viz.—At half past 10 A. M., and at half past 2 P. M., when a regular call of stock will be made, including the last of all shares, at which time the public will be invited to be present. Each session will be for one hour only, unless the time is extended by a vote of the members present. Proper notice will be given of the location of the new Stock Exchange.

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